

You had me feel the world

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You had me feel the world

by [blazedew](#)

Summary

Jimin goes to a spa to relieve some stress. He doesn't expect his masseur to be this attractive.

Notes

Title from BTS's song Mama.

THIS WORK IS NOT ALLOWED TO BE REPOSTED.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Jimin fidgets with the card in his hands. He's been here only for a few minutes, but the vanilla scent that hovers heavily in the hall is already starting to make him dizzy. He looks around at the other people sitting on the couches across from him, but none of them meets his eyes. They are all busy, calmly flipping through some magazine or swiping away on their phone. He listens for his name to be called, but glancing down at the time on his phone, he knows there is still time until his appointment. The thought makes his foot tap repeatedly on the wooden floor until some old lady from the seat beside him sends him a dirty glare, and he makes a conscious effort to stop. Sighing, he wipes his clammy hands on his jeans.

Why had he agreed to this again? Oh yeah, to make some Kim Taehyung shut up about how Jimin's fading into this shell of a man who is biting off more than he can chew, Taehyung's words.

"Just give it a try!" Taehyung had said. "Why are you so piss horrible at taking care of yourself?"

Jimin had pouted, defensively curling his arms around himself. "I'm doing fine, as I said – "

"Fine?" Taehyung had exclaimed. "It's like I can't recognize my friend anymore. God, Jimin, have you even seen yourself in the mirror? When's the last time you've done something for yourself?"

Jimin had opened his mouth to protest, but the longer he thought of a retort, he realized he didn't really remember.

"See what I mean?" Taehyung had thrust the voucher card into Jimin's hands. "So go and take care of yourself for a change."

So here Jimin is, tongue-tied at having clearly lost that argument and sitting in the waiting area of that spa Taehyung had sent him off to. The reasonable part of his brain knows Taehyung's in the right here, that work is really tiring him out and that he does need to let some steam off, but the other part of his brain, the stubborn one, is making him want to pout at giving in to Taehyung's ploy, and stepping foot at this artificially smelly place.

"Park Jimin!" Jimin is drawn back from his self-pity by the woman at the front desk. He turns his head to see her eyes searching around the room, before standing up with a sigh. "Door number 4. Turn left here, and you'll see it," she says when he approaches her and gives over the card.

If the reception hall stunk, then now he's overwhelmed by the flow of scented candles that hit him when he passes by the doors in the corridor. He fears he might actually choke on air, and if that's what awaits him in the next couple hours or so – then no thank you, he can go straight home. Only one door is open, so he guesses it's the right one. He contemplates whether he should knock, but in the end he just invites himself inside.

The room is empty; that's the first thing Jimin notices. It's dimly lit and there are candles here and there that cast soft lighting on the room, but it's the lack of flowery scent that hits him.

This room doesn't stink. Sniffing the clean air, Jimin paddles to the center of the room where the massage table stands.

"Hey."

The sudden sound makes him jump, and holding his hand to his chest, Jimin turns around to see a man standing at the doorway of an inner room he hasn't noticed until now. Jimin's lips part, but before he can utter something embarrassing as his thoughts suddenly become unorganized, the man walks over to a desk that is pushed against a wall, and opens a notebook. "Jimin-ssi?" he asks.

Jimin nods, before realizing the guy isn't watching him, and croaks out, "Yes."

"Massage therapy, right?" Jimin hums and starts fidgeting with the rings on his fingers. He wishes he could just have this over with. "Any sensitivities?"

"No."

"Not to fruit? Maybe flowers?"

Jimin frowns, considering. "None that I know of."

"Alright, first course?" he asks as he scribbles something down on the paper. Silence follows the question. "First time massage?" he clarifies.

"Yes," Jimin gulps.

The man doesn't comment on this, though. He just nods, before saying, "Anything else I need to know of?"

Jimin thinks about it for a moment before saying no. The guy hums his understanding before saying, "Alright, Jimin-ssi, the session will begin in a few minutes. Meanwhile, you may undress –"

Wait, what?

"What?" Jimin chokes on his own spit.

The man closes the notebook and turns around so he's frowning at Jimin. And *oh*. Jimin really wants to facepalm, because of course he has to take his clothes off. It is a massage session, after all, why is he even surprised? Jimin isn't left to sweat for long, though, because the guy says, "Will that be a problem?" Jimin presses his lips together and shakes his head, albeit a bit jerkily. "You'll be given the privacy to do so. You may also use the showers if you think it might lessen your nerves." He points to an area hidden by a curtain. "When you're done, make yourself comfortable on the table. Call when you're done."

"Oh," Jimin makes, not quite meeting the guy's eyes when he hands him a robe and a few towels for good measure. He doesn't understand why he's so flustered. He hugs the towels to his chest and waits until the man is out of the room. Once he's left alone, Jimin takes a few deep breaths to compose himself, and moves toward the shower. It's a small wooden cell, and

there are packages of soaps for him to use. He slowly slides out of his clothes, and piles them on a low stool near the shower. Although the pressure of the water is nice against his skin and the water warm, he doesn't linger and makes quick work of rubbing his skin dry; the towel is surprisingly soft. Once he's done, he covers himself with the robe, though he doesn't bother even tying it, as he'll be taking it off in a few seconds anyway.

Getting on top of the table is a bit tricky considering it's situated quite high, but the perk is that he's flexible enough that after some fumbling, he manages to do that. He hesitates when he smooths his hands down the fabric of his robe, knowing this is the only article of clothing he's wearing, but he doesn't let himself stall for long. Once completely bare, the warm air of the room blanketing him, he lets out a full-body shiver. He isn't sure how he should situate himself, but he settles for lying on his stomach with the sheet covering him from back to toes. It feels soft and warm against his sensitive skin, and Jimin relishes it. He almost forgets he needs to announce he's done, and somewhat sheepishly he calls out, "Ready."

There is the sound of a door opening and then closing, and then the telltale sound of feet moving on the wooden floor. For a while the only sound Jimin can hear is his breathing and the rustle of the sheets under his body, until quiet music fills the air. It's one of those tunes people listen to when they try to meditate or study, and Jimin lets the sounds of water trickling fill his ears. It doesn't take long before the other person in the room moves again, and suddenly, Jimin hears, "Is everything okay?"

Jimin frowns. It doesn't sound like the voice of an old lady. It doesn't sound like the voice of a woman at all, and finally giving in to his temptation, Jimin turns his head to look at the guy from before. He's sorting through what looks like lotions in a closet, and Jimin is suddenly struck with the realization that not an old lady is going to attend to him today.

"You're the masseur?" Jimin stutters.

The man hums calmly, seemingly unaware of the nerves in Jimin's voice. "Tell me if the temperature in the room is not to your taste. The same goes for the music."

Jimin can't answer, though. It's like his brain's short-circuited. God, how had he gotten himself into this situation? He'd known it was a bad idea. Why had he listened to Taehyung?

"Jimin-ssi?" the man asks gently. "You're with me?"

Jimin just nods and turns his face back into the bed in embarrassment. He hears the other man approach closer, and he can't help but squirm in anticipation. "Shh..." the man makes, and there is a hand then between his shoulder blades, burning his skin even through the silk of the sheet. "I know that first-time massage can be a little scary sometimes, but there's no need to worry, yeah?" he soothes as he glides his hand down Jimin's back.

"I'm not scared," Jimin murmurs, trying not to sound affected by the hand caressing him so tenderly.

"Good," the man says, and Jimin thinks he can hear the edge of a smile in his tone. The hand stops just shy of his lower back. "I'm Jungkook, by the way. Before we start, I want you to listen very closely to me." Jimin nods. "You tell me if something is wrong. If you feel

uncomfortable, if you want a part of yourself covered, if the pressure is too much or if you feel any pain – you tell me that. If you want me to give more attention to an area, tell me. If you want me to stay off an area, you tell me that too. If you need a break, water, anything – let me know. It's all about communication, yeah?"

Jimin nods again. Jungkook lifts his hand and Jimin feels his presence go, but after a moment he returns, and he's a lot closer than before. Jimin almost squeaks when a hand takes hold of the sheet covering him, even though the touch is expected, and he suppresses a shiver when the silk is lowered until it's pooled at his lower back. There are hands then, big, warm hands that press down on his back before gliding up toward his neck. The touch isn't firm, and it's so brief that Jimin doesn't understand what he's doing until there are hands smoothing down his arms and sides, and it dawns on him that Jungkook is having a feel of his body, which shouldn't make him feel so hot.

The hands travel down his back, skip the skin below his lower back, and tug at the sheet that is covering his legs. The sheet is pulled till his mid-thighs so his legs are exposed, and then Jungkook is running his hands down Jimin's shins, and thumbing at his heels. The touch is tickling, and Jimin can't help but squirm away from it.

"Ticklish?" Jungkook asks.

"A little," Jimin admits.

Jungkook's hands move back up to his back, and this is where the touch firms up and Jimin whines, shying away from it. "Ah, gentle –" he mumbles. He's delicate.

"Sorry," Jungkook breathes. He eases some of the pressure, and this time when he rubs at Jimin's muscles, it feels so nice that Jimin almost melts into the bed. "Are you into sports, Jimin?"

The question is so soft Jimin almost misses it, and it doesn't help that there are fingers pressing just shy of the back of his neck. "Uh, I –" he stutters, momentarily stunned at the way those palms feel pressing against his neck.

"I'm just curious because of your complex," Jungkook explains. "Many people come to me, some are sportsmen and bodybuilders, but they have completely another complex. I mean, you aren't a bodybuilder, right? And still, your muscles are taut."

"I'm a dancer," Jimin says.

"Oh, that actually makes sense," Jungkook says. "We don't have many dancers here, though."

For some reason, this fact doesn't surprise Jimin. After that, there's a lull, and Jimin concentrates on the feeling of those hands working his muscles. They feel so big against his skin, so powerful and strong as they dig into his flesh and rub the soreness away. Jungkook, although very young, is clearly not inexperienced. Jimin can tell someone is professional when he sees them, and he can tell Jungkook knows what he's doing. The strength of every stroke is measured, the circles he presses into his flesh are soothing, and the way he radiates confidence and serenity calms Jimin's nerves. By the time Jungkook's moved on to his arms,

Jimin's eyes are closed and his breathing even. He feels like falling asleep right here, more than ready to give in to those capable hands, but Jungkook's voice tugs him back to consciousness.

"You dance for a living?"

Jimin hums. "I mainly teach kids in a studio, but I participate in shows when the opportunity comes."

"Have you always known you wanna do dance?" Jungkook asks as he works the muscles above Jimin's wrist.

"More or less," Jimin says. "I danced ballet since a young age."

"Oh, wow," Jungkook says, and he really does sound interested; it makes something in Jimin perk. Jungkook then reaches Jimin's hands, and Jimin can't help but notice the way Jungkook's hands completely swallow his own. It seems like Jungkook realizes it too, because he suddenly says, "Your hands! They are so small."

Jimin lets out a small whine, ears reddening. Jungkook stops his ministrations to run his thumb down Jimin's palm, and the touch is so delicate that for a moment Jimin wonders if it's even a part of the massage, but then his thumb digs into the center of his palm, and Jimin hisses and instinctively tries to wrench his hand out of the hold, but the pain disappears after a moment as Jungkook moves on to knead at the pads of his fingers. It's when Jungkook's doing his other arm, that Jimin asks, "How come you don't have scented candles?"

"I don't really like the smell," Jungkook admits. "It's distracting. Why? Want me to light some?"

"No, no," Jimin almost squeaks. "I like it like that."

"Good," Jungkook says, satisfied.

Once he's done with his arms, Jungkook returns to his neck. He instructs Jimin to tilt his head so and so, so he could massage the tissue there, and he's so thorough that Jimin can't help but sigh when a particularly sore spot is loosened up. As soon as the sound escapes his lips, Jimin tenses up, and Jungkook's hands on him stop.

"It's okay," he murmurs. "It's natural."

Jungkook digs his fingers into both sides of his neck, and another sound escapes Jimin. "Yeah, that's it," he coaxes. "Relax."

Jimin feels his face burn, and he squeezes his hands on either side of his body. He doesn't know how he'll be able to look Jungkook back in the eyes after this. He bites down on his lip to prevent more sounds from coming out, but Jungkook works away the embarrassment tormenting him and the tension in his muscles until Jimin's mellow and pliant under him. Jimin makes a mental note to buy Taehyung some chocolate for choosing so well, and even praises himself a little for deciding to go after all. Because this, this isn't all too bad.

“What did you say?” Jungkook asks, and it takes Jimin a moment to realize he’s said this out loud.

“Nothing,” he murmurs, hiding his face back in the headrest.

Jungkook’s hands then leave his body completely, and Jimin almost whines in protest. “Just one moment,” he says, and Jimin frowns before there’s the sensation of something cold and wet being poured down on the bare skin of his back.

“Ahh,” Jimin squeals, squirming at the odd sensation, but then those big hands pin him back down to the table and spread the oil over his skin. “S cold.”

“Shh…” Jungkook soothes, a firm hand splayed between Jimin’s shoulder blades before the other presses down on top of it, and Jungkook applies pressure. Another sound knocks out of Jimin, and another wave of heat hits him. “It’ll warm up soon.”

Jungkook smooths his hands up and down Jimin’s back, fingers and blunt nails digging into his skin, kneading the flesh, and soon enough the oil indeed warms up until there is this tingling sensation over his skin that makes his toes curl.

“How is it?” Jungkook asks.

“S good,” Jimin sighs.

“More pressure?”

“No, no, it’s good like this.”

It feels good, the way Jungkook rubs at the muscles beneath his ribcage, though his hands dangerously edge to where the sheet is pooled at his lower back with every swipe downwards, and for some reason, it makes something stir in Jimin’s belly, something he doesn’t want to acknowledge.

“Can I go lower?” Jungkook asks, and Jimin tenses. He feels Jungkook’s hands hesitate the longer he waits him out, and the thing is that if Jungkook does it, Jimin won’t deny him. It’s just that asking for it makes Jimin feel small and something else that he can’t quite place. Eventually, Jimin just does this jerky little nod, and with it Jungkook’s touch firms up again until his palms are gliding down to work at the flesh of his lower back. Jimin almost groans, because he hadn’t realized just how stiff this area is, and the feeling of the muscles there being given all this attention feels wonderful. Jungkook’s fingers graze the fabric of the sheet with almost every stroke, and Jimin feels that drop in his stomach every time this happens.

On one occasion, Jungkook works on the skin above his hips and his fingers slip beneath the fabric, and the light and unintended touch makes sparks shoot up his spine. He holds in his gasp though, holding his breath until Jungkook smooths his hands up Jimin’s back again. Even as Jungkook abandons the area altogether, the skin there still tingles from the ghost of his touch, and Jimin realizes he wants him to touch him there again, but the more Jungkook concentrates on his neck and shoulders, the less Jimin’s mind wanders there.

The hands disappear again, and he can hear Jungkook moving until he stops besides his legs and starts to knead the muscles there. His hands start at the back of his knees and smooth all the way down to his shins, and Jimin can't help a giggle escaping him at the touch. Jungkook's touch firms up then, and he rubs repeatedly at the stretch of skin just above his ankle. It's when Jungkook reaches his feet again, that Jimin squirms.

"You have some calluses," Jungkook murmurs as he runs a finger down Jimin's toe. "Does it hurt?"

"Not anymore," Jimin replies. He gets those a lot because of his routine. A dancer has to practice a lot to keep in form.

"You do overwork yourself, huh?" Jungkook muses as his thumbs glide over the center of his foot. "You need to take care of yourself better."

"You sound exactly like my friend now," Jimin says without intending to.

"If people keep on telling you that, then maybe there is something in what they say."

Jimin pouts, mainly because he's right. Jungkook spends a good amount of time on his feet. Jimin hadn't known that feet were such a sensitive place. Sure, his legs kill him after practice, sometimes he even has to ice them, but he hadn't known that having them massaged like this could feel so good. He's almost regretful when Jungkook moves back up to his shins, but this time Jungkook simply skims his hands over them and settles them on his thighs instead. Those hands squeeze each thigh before pushing them apart, and Jimin feels suddenly so exposed he's tempted to close his legs, but those big hands move to the insides of his thighs so he can't. He would be just trapping Jungkook's hands if he did it now. So he just lies still and lets himself feel as those hands knead and dig into his thighs. Jimin's thighs hold a lot of tension in them, he knows it. They feel so stiff and raw after an intensive workout, and feeling those hands pull at the muscles there feels actually nice.

He's still covered from the top of his thighs to his lower back, but the closer Jungkook draws to the sheet, the harder it is for Jimin to refrain from squirming. When Jungkook reaches the sheet, he doesn't continue higher, but moves back down, and for some reason Jimin feels disappointed. But the disappointment doesn't last for long, as Jungkook starts to apply more pressure on the flesh in his thighs, and his movements are firm enough that Jimin's whole body moves with them. The hands leave him again, and Jimin waits quietly for them to return, but when he feels the sheet being lifted, his breath hitches. It's pulled up so only his bum is covered, and Jimin can't help but shiver at the feeling of the air coming in contact with his newly exposed skin.

When Jungkook's hands return to him, they are slick with lotion, and they feel heavenly as they glide over him. The hands move from the top of his thighs down to his shins, the touch starting gentle, almost delicate, before eventually firming up. It feels good, it feels too good, and Jimin's legs spread wider on their own account. Jungkook's hands take advantage of the new skin, thumbing at the flesh and rolling his palms against it. The friction of Jungkook's hands against him makes his body rub against the sheets beneath him with every movement, and it doesn't take long before something else starts to stir in Jimin's belly. Horrified, Jimin tenses up, and immediately snaps his legs shut.

“Jimin-ssi?” Jungkook asks quietly, his hands unmoving on the back of Jimin’s thighs.
“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Jimin squeals, blushing to his ears.

Jungkook hums and starts moving again. His hands just glide up and down his legs for a while, and Jimin suspects that he just tries to get him to loosen up again. And it works enough to get Jimin to let Jungkook spread his legs again. Jimin shivers when Jungkook moves back up to the top of his thighs, and stays still as the fingers graze just shy of the sheet before going back down. Jungkook repeats the motion a few more times, and Jimin can’t help but raise his hips slightly off the bed every time Jungkook does it. And one time Jimin accidentally jerks a bit too hard and it causes Jungkook’s fingers to slip beneath the fabric. It feels like they both freeze, and Jimin holds his breath with his eyes screwed shut, waiting. There is a shift in the air, a quiet and yet loaded one, and then Jungkook’s fingers slowly slip inside for an inch or so before drawing back down. It had been so close, but still not enough, and Jimin almost whines when Jungkook moves back to his shins.

Jungkook concentrates on them for a minute or two, but it doesn’t feel like enough anymore. Jimin feels desperate for his touch, every nerve ending on edge, and he isn’t sure what he wants anymore. When Jungkook’s hands move back up, Jimin stops breathing, and lies still and pliant until he grazes at the sheet again. Jimin doesn’t move, doesn’t release a sound as two palms slide beneath the silk and smooth over his sides before coming to a stop at his hips. The hands go back down to his thighs, and then back up under the sheet, just barely touching the juncture between his thigh and bum, and when they slip back out, it feels like the sheet has shifted some with the movement, because the bottom of his ass feels suddenly cold.

Thumbs press just below the curve of his ass, palms curled around the backs of his thighs, applying the slightest of pressures, before inching his thighs wider apart. Jimin blushes when he feels the air of the room ghost over the sensitive skin of his balls. He wonders if Jungkook can see them from his position.

“Jimin,” Jungkook murmurs.

The sound of his name leaving his mouth makes Jimin shiver.

“Can I?”

While not exactly knowing what Jungkook means, Jimin finds himself nodding, and shifts so he’s comfortable. The thumbs under his ass inch higher, beneath the fabric of the sheet and until they smooth against the meat of Jimin’s bum. Jimin jumps at the unexpected touch, but doesn’t shy away from it as Jungkook slips both hands beneath the fabric to fully cover the skin of his ass. Jimin shivers, arches into the touch, and it seems enough to encourage Jungkook to knead into the muscle. It seems like the muscles there hold tension too, because as Jungkook works the flesh there, Jimin can’t help but sigh in contentment.

It had been so long since he’d been touched, since he’s done something even remotely sexual, and it feels like it’s finally catching up with him. He lets himself be touched, lets himself loosen up and gives in to that pair of capable hands. The thumbs work the skin from the

bottom of his ass to the top, and when they inch up to the point where his butt starts, they press down and start to work on some muscle there. Truth to be told, Jimin isn't sure anymore if it's a part of the massage or not, but he doesn't find it in himself to care, not when those long fingers move to the dip just above his ass and press down, hard. It hurts only for a moment, but the way the palms smooth over the skin makes the pain fade away.

The hands go back to his back, press into his shoulders, and when they return down, they take the sheet with them until it's pooled just below Jimin's ass.

"Ah, Jungkook," Jimin makes, squirming at being exposed like this suddenly, but those hands come to rest on his hips and keep them on the bed, and for a few moments they both don't move or say anything, and Jimin starts to get restless the longer it goes on like that, but then the hands return to his ass, and squeeze both cheeks. Jimin's breath stutters when a single finger comes to rest just at his tailbone and then slides lower, lower, just to swipe over his crack before going back up. It's a barely-there touch, but it makes Jimin feel hot to his core and his toes curl with anticipation. "Please."

The soft plea doesn't fall on deaf ears. Hands cover his ass again, and it makes Jimin flush, the way Jungkook's hands are so big they almost cover the entirety of his cheeks. "God, you're just so..." Jungkook drawls, and squeezes his cheeks again before spreading them apart. Jimin whines when his hole clenches in response to being exposed to the warm air of the room. "Shit."

"Ah, don't stare," Jimin mumbles through his embarrassment, and Jungkook chuckles in response before releasing him. Jimin squirms on the sheets as he waits for Jungkook to do something, anything, and sighs when a hand comes to rest on his bum again, the thumb slipping into the crack to spread him slightly, and then the feeling of something wet and cool dripping right on his hole makes Jimin hiss.

"Shh..." Jungkook hushes him, and takes his thumb away only to cup his ass and squeeze it together. Jimin feels completely drenched, the oil dripping from between his ass down to his balls. He shivers again, and makes a low sound in his throat when the hands shake his cheeks, before spreading him apart again. He can feel his hole gaping, can imagine to himself what Jungkook is seeing now – his hole, glistening with oil and clenching around nothing. "Fuck," Jungkook curses. "You're going to kill me."

"Jungkook, please," Jimin whines, squirming with want. His cock is hot and heavy against his stomach, begging for release, and he's so turned on that he feels ready to explode.

"Hmm?" Jungkook replies, lazily swiping his finger up and down Jimin's crack.

"Ah," Jimin makes when the finger catches at his hole. "Touch me, please."

"I am touching you," Jungkook says, and Jimin can hear the smirk in his tone. He pouts, frustrated, and pitifully squirms on the table to get Jungkook to touch his hole again. He doesn't let this happen though, the tease, instead he starts to circle the rim with his finger, making the sensitive skin there tingle. "Tell me what you want me to do, sweetheart."

Jimin mumbles something incoherent into the headrest beneath him.

“I didn’t quite catch that,” Jungkook says.

“You know what I want!”

“You want me to touch your hole, baby?” Jungkook whispers, and Jimin whines deep in his throat. “Yes? Want me to get my fingers In you?” Beads of sweat start to collect on Jimin’s skin, and he whines again. “What about my cock?”

Jimin audibly gulps, and buries his face even deeper into the sheets.

“Tell me,” Jungkook coaxes, finger hovering right over his hole, and Jimin’s so frustrated he tries to lift his ass toward it, but Jungkook stops him with a tsk of his tongue and pins his lower back down to the bed. He swipes his finger over the hole, again and again, but never giving him more than it, and it’s so much but nearly not enough that it almost brings tears to Jimin’s eyes. “I can’t do anything if I don’t know you want it.”

“Get in me,” Jimin finally says, surprising even himself, and he’s rewarded with a pet to his ass before Jungkook withdraws his finger altogether. The sheet is discarded completely, and Jimin thinks he hears it fall to the floor with a whoosh, but he forgets about it completely when two hands slide up his thighs, and the thumbs press right against his balls. Jimin squeaks, legs spreading wider apart, and rocks back into the touch when Jungkook uses a hand to cup his balls.

“Beautiful,” Jungkook whispers, and Jimin whines at the praise, skin getting hotter at the moment. Jungkook tugs gently at the sack, his fingers digging slightly into the soft, delicate skin, before releasing it and bringing his hand back up to Jimin’s ass. Two fingers slip between his cheeks, and Jimin almost moans when they come to press against him. “Want me?”

Jimin hums, eager. “Please,” he whines when the fingers don’t move.

Jungkook chuckles, and starts to circle his finger right over his hole. It shouldn’t be enough to pull it in, and yet Jimin is so wet and worked up, that that single finger just slips to the first knuckle. They both gasp, and Jungkook withdraws it before rubbing over his rim again.

“Come on,” Jimin gasps. “Please, just put in it.”

Jungkook doesn’t deny him any longer. He slips his finger back inside, and this time adds some pressure so it moves all the way in. The glide is so easy that it surprises Jimin, and he clenches around the digit in him.

“Fuck, you’re so hot,” Jungkook says, and he sounds awed, every bit affected like Jimin is. He curls his finger inside him, circles it around in his heat, and Jimin feels overwhelmed by it all – by the feeling of something breaching him after so long, by the excitement that comes with feeling something touch him so intimately. Jungkook pulls his finger all the out before pushing it back in, and Jimin tightens around it with a gasp. “Think you can take more?”

Jimin nods, arches his back to make himself look more inviting, and a moan is punched out of him when he feels something soft make contact with the skin of his ass as the finger slips

out of him. He belatedly realizes it was a pair of lips, and after getting a little taste, he wants more; the place where the lips touched his skin tingling. The mouth doesn't return, though, but the finger does, accompanied by another one. They both glide through the wetness between his cheeks, catching it on the pads before rubbing it over the slightly swollen skin of his rim. Jungkook presses both fingers against him, but doesn't push inside. He lets the wetness and Jimin's body work instead, and Jimin flushes when his hole swallows both fingers without any resistance.

The digits feel foreign in his soft tunnel as they press deeper and curl to explore it, and Jimin feels all too hot and aroused when he hears the squelching sounds the fingers make as they press into him again and again.

"You've got the finest ass I've ever seen," Jungkook murmurs, and caresses his free hand down it to emphasize. "The things I want to do to it..."

"Do them," Jimin blurts, but he finds he doesn't regret saying that. The thought of Jungkook having his way with him makes him feel sexy and bothered.

Jungkook releases a guttural sound of his own, and it makes Jimin's toes curl. He speeds his fingers for a moment, like he too is imagining it, but he then says regretfully, "Can't. Not here, at least."

"Oh," Jimin says, disappointed. But as if hearing the hesitance in his tone, Jungkook plants a hand right at the low on his back, and uses it as leverage to fuck his fingers deep. Jimin almost chokes at the feeling of the fingers reaching so deep inside of him, and squeezes the sheet between his fingers.

There is a mouth then against his thigh, kissing at the skin, and murmuring, "This is about you, though. Let me make you feel good."

"Oh, I..." Jimin cuts himself off with another moan as Jungkook sucks the flesh of his thighs into his mouth. "Please, it's not enough."

A hand slides then between his thighs and lifts Jimin's hips up so it can wrap around his cock. He pulls him off in quick strokes until Jimin is spilling all over the sheets. Even as the hand around his cock leaves him so he can slump back down into the mess he had made, the fingers in his ass don't stop, and they continue to work him through the aftershocks of his orgasm until Jimin is clenching around them in oversensitivity. Jungkook spreads his ass to watch as he pulls them out, and Jimin whimpers when they rub over the sore skin of his rim instead. It takes some time for Jimin's breathing to even out, but then he feels loose-limbed and satiated, and sighs when Jungkook peppers kisses up to his back.

"You can like... between my thighs," Jimin suggests, turning his head to look at where Jungkook is obviously stiff and aroused, before looking at his face. His eyes are dark, interested, and it sends a shiver down Jimin's spine.

"Yeah?" Jungkook asks, licking his lips as he looks down at Jimin's thighs. Even his lips are pretty, ripe and inviting.

“Yeah, come on,” Jimin says, laying his cheek back on the sheet.

He hears the rustle of clothes behind him before he feels the weight of someone else getting on the table. There is a hand then on his thigh, and Jimin takes this as his cue to part his legs so Jungkook can settle between them. Hands ghost over his thighs before settling on his ass again and spreading it apart.

“Fuck,” Jungkook says, and Jimin can’t agree more.

“You could just slip in, couldn’t you?”

“Jimin,” Jungkook warns.

“It would feel good,” Jimin murmurs.

“It would,” Jungkook agrees. “But,” he slides his thumb over the entrance, “you’re not prepped enough for it, and I rather do it in other circumstances.”

And with that he plants his clothed chest against Jimin’s bare back, and buries his nose in his neck as he guides the wet head of his cock between Jimin’s cheeks. Jimin gasps when it catches on his hole, but it merely slides past it and between the heat of his thighs. They both groan when Jimin squeezes his thighs around him, and Jungkook then starts to move in short, little strokes that rock Jimin with him. If Jimin weren’t thoroughly spent, he would’ve surely become hard again, because the feel of Jungkook’s abdomen rubbing against his skin combined with the heat of his breath in his ear makes him feel too hot for comfort.

The feeling of the head of his cock catching at his hole every other thrust makes Jimin whimper, and the mess it leaves behind only adds to the pool of oil already smeared all over his ass. The friction is slick and delicious, and Jungkook’s ragged breathing against his ear tells him so. “You feel so good,” Jungkook gasps, hips rolling into Jimin’s thighs. He grabs Jimin’s hands and pins them above his head to have leverage to thrust, and Jimin whines pitifully at being so easily manhandled like this. He can barely move an inch with Jungkook leaning on top of him so heavily, but being completely at his mercy, letting him use his body, only excites him further. “Next time, I will fuck you for sure,” Jungkook says, and the promise of next time makes something in Jimin’s belly stir.

“I will spread you out on my bed, and eat you out so good you’ll come just from this,” Jungkook says, and Jimin whimpers his agreement, his pleasure. “Will you like that? Will you let me?”

“I’ll let you,” Jimin murmurs, blissed out.

Jungkook picks up his speed, rubbing against the flesh of Jimin’s ass. “I’ll give you my fingers, then,” Jungkook says. “I’ll draw it out until you’ll be begging for me to make you come again. And you know what happens then?” Jungkook kisses his ear before biting the earlobe. “I’ll fuck you fast and hard until you’ll spill all over the bed.”

Jimin shivers, squirming. “Yes, fuck me,” Jimin says, and Jungkook, after waiting so long to have his share, comes with hot spurts all over Jimin’s ass. He’s gasping for air afterward,

mouth pressed just below Jimin's ear. Jimin waits patiently for him to come down, reaching back to awkwardly caress the other man's side. When Jungkook catches his breath, he traces kisses lower until he's kissing the corner of Jimin's mouth. Jimin turns his head so their lips will meet, and although the angle is a bit off, Jimin relishes in the softness of Jungkook's lips, in the gentle way he kisses him. Jungkook cups his cheek, and strokes it as he deepens the kiss.

When they break apart, Jimin flutters his eyes open to stare at Jungkook's hooded ones. "Thank you," Jungkook murmurs and presses another kiss to his lips. They have to disentangle their limbs then, and it's quite awkward, and Jimin winces when Jungkook accidentally elbows his side as he climbs off him, and Jungkook immediately rubs the sore spot while murmuring he's sorry.

"I'll go get a wet rag," Jungkook says as he rubs his hand down Jimin's ass. "Though I have to say you look good with cum on you."

Jimin groans, and hides his face behind his hands. "You're the worst."

Jungkook chuckles, and Jimin is so worn out that he's almost fallen asleep when he feels something wet press against his ass. "Shh..." Jungkook says as he runs that soft material between Jimin's cheeks. "Spread your legs for me."

Even though Jungkook literally had seen it all, Jimin still blushes as he inches his thighs apart, and when Jungkook rubs the wet rag against his hole, it feels even more intimate than the touch from before. He's mainly quiet through it, letting Jungkook wipe the cum and oil from his skin as best as he can. He asks Jimin if he wants to shower again after he's done, but Jimin declines and just pulls his clothes back on.

It's awkward then, once his sticky skin is wrapped in his clothes, and Jungkook is writing something in his notebook again. Jimin wonders if this is it, if this is his cue to go, and says, "Um, thank you for all... uh, bye."

"Wait," Jungkook says just as Jimin turns to the door. He frowns at the smaller man. "You going already?"

"Uh," Jimin makes.

Jungkook sighs and walks toward him until they are just a step away. He reaches out and curls his fingers around Jimin's wrist, and Jimin looks down at his hand when he feels something shoved into his palm. It's a piece of paper.

"I understand if you want this to be only a one-time thing," Jungkook says. "But please consider seeing me again?"

And with that Jungkook closes the distance between them, and rubs his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip. Jimin's lips part on instinct, and he closes his eyes as Jungkook leans in to kiss him again. It's a soft kiss, a savory one that makes Jimin's toes curl and his mind swim, and he feels hazy when they pull apart. They don't say anything else as Jungkook returns to his desk and Jimin heads out of the room, and Jimin doesn't know what he feels. He glances

down at the piece of paper in his hands once he's out of the building, and feels a smile split his face when he realizes it's a phone number.

The morning after, Taehyung teases him about it. "That's the way to loosen up, Jimin," he says with a wink. "If I had known this is what you needed, I would've sent you there sooner."

"God, shut up," Jimin groans as he munches on his cereal. "And it's not like that."

"It's not like that," Taehyung repeats, brows raised.

"He gave me his phone number," Jimin admits.

"He gave you his phone number."

"Yes!" Jimin shoots him a look.

"Well, are you planning to call him?"

Jimin looks down at his bowl of cereal, and pretends to think. "I'll think about it."

"Liar," Taehyung says and throws a napkin at Jimin. "Bet you couldn't wait five minutes."

Jimin makes a face. "As a matter of fact, I'm not that easy."

"Yeah?" Taehyung smirks.

"Alright, alright, I've texted him."

"And?"

"He called me cute."

"You're hopeless," Taehyung laughs.

And to avoid answering that, Jimin shoves another spoon of cereal into his mouth.

End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed!

Love you ♥

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